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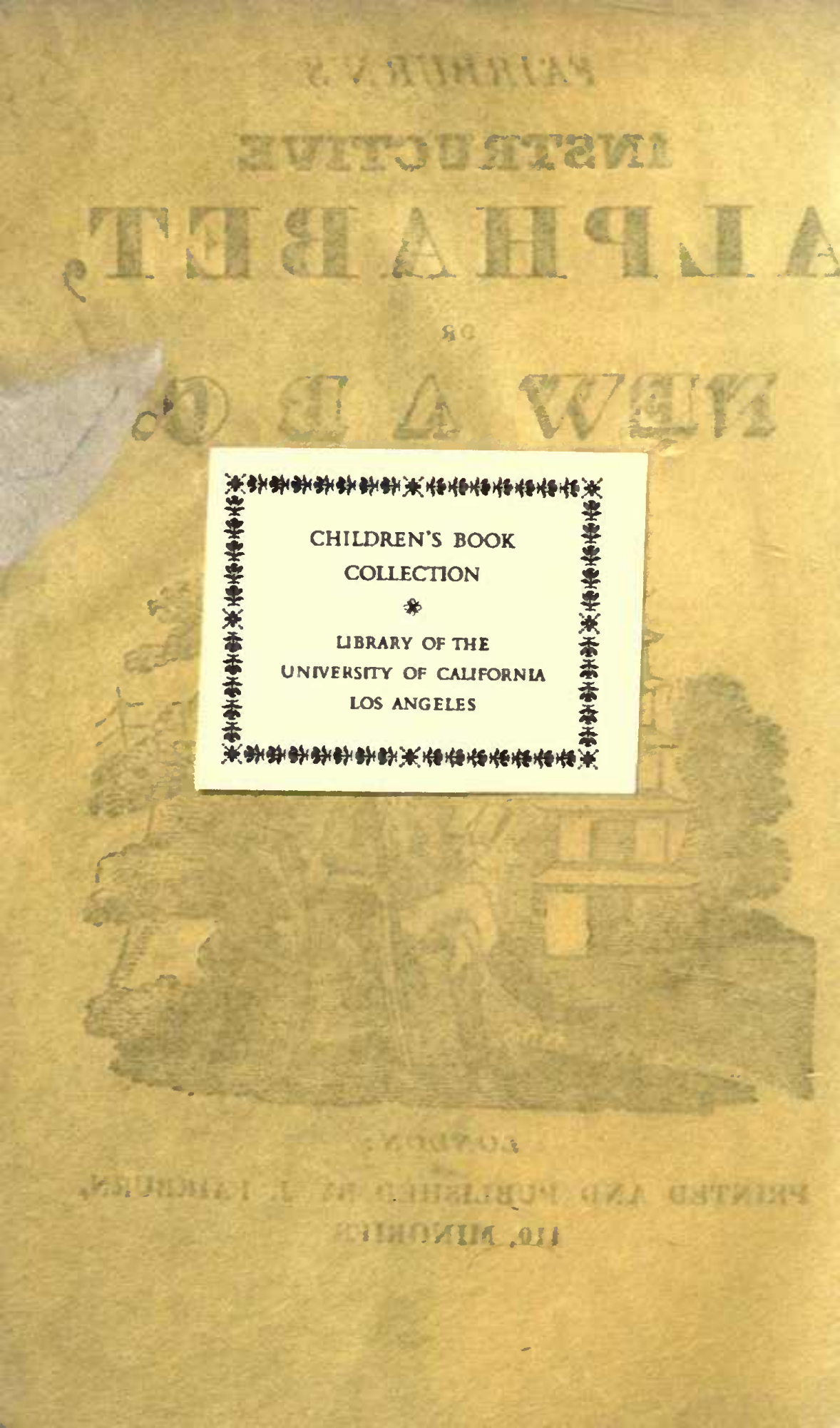
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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

A a



Is an Ape, full of cunning and fun,
And up a high tree he nimbly can run.

B b



Is a Bull, so strong and so fierce,
And when angry he uses his horns for
to pierce.

C
c



The Camel heavy loads sustains,
And travels through Arabia's plains.

D
d



The Deer's fam'd for beauty, and for use,
And fine fat venison does produce.

E e



Is an Elk an Indian deer,
In which small beauty does appear.

F f



Was a Fox so cunning and sly,
In the dead of the night with a goose
he will fly.

G
g



Was a Goose, of waddling mein,
And reckon'd the silliest bird on the green.

H
h



Is a Horse, most useful to man,
But this one seems wild, catch him if you can.

I i



Is an Inkstand, to help us to write,
I hope that all children in it will delight

K k



Was a Knife, to cut bread and meat,
Or butter the toast when breakfast you eat.

L
l



Is a Lamb, so tame in the field,
And its fine wool winter clothing does
yield.

M
m



The Mule is stubborn, yet most strong,
And can draw heavy carts along.

N n



Nuts are pleasant for a treat,
But do not them too often eat.

O o



Take pity on a poor Old Man,
And assist him if you can.

P p



Was a Pear Pie so nice,
And all good children had a slice.

Q q



The Quince looks pretty on a tree,
As any fruit that you can see.

R r



Was a Rose of rich perfume,
And most lovely when in bloom.

S s



Was a Sailor, on the main,
He hopes some gold he shall obtain.

T
t



The Tiger from his covert flies,
And in his grasp the victim dies.

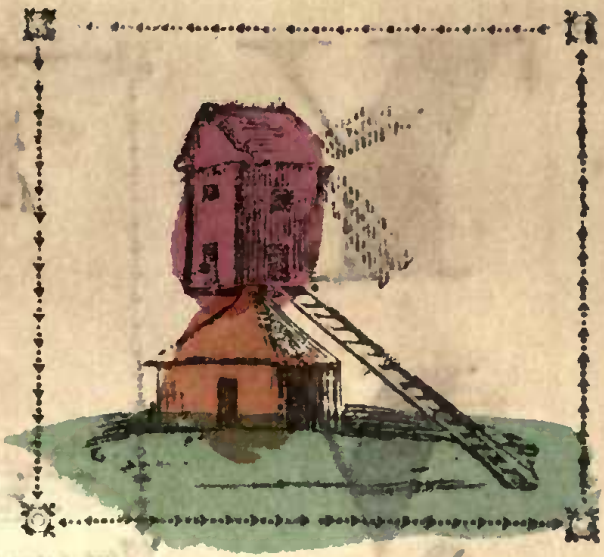
V
v



This Villa, built in style so neat
Forms a shady sweet retreat

W

W



Was a Windmill, corn for to grind,
And most useful is to the miller, we find.

X

X



Xebec to us seems an odd name,
But the Dutch the vessel claim.

Y
y



Is a Yeoman in scarlet and gold,
Whom in the king's palace you oft
may behold.

Z
z



Is a Zany, dull in his mind,
Who no delight in his learning can
find.

MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if the last:
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day, clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works, thy ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
High glory to th' Eternal King.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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